



THIS MAGAZINE IS  
HAUNTED

No. 20

THIS MAGAZINE IS

# HAUNTED

10

NO ONE KNOWS  
WHEN I, DOCTOR DEATH,  
MAY STRIKE, IN THESE  
BLOOD-CURDLING  
TALES OF TERROR!

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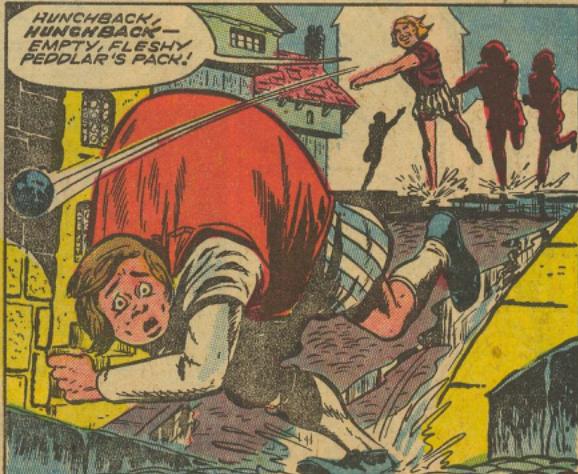
# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

I AM DR. DEATH,  
AND THIS TALE OF  
MINE IS BITTER  
MEDICINE! ONE STRONG  
DOSE TO BE READ  
AFTER DARK ALONE—  
AND THEN, DEAR PATIENT,  
SLEEP IF YOU CAN;  
SLEEP, IF YOU CAN....



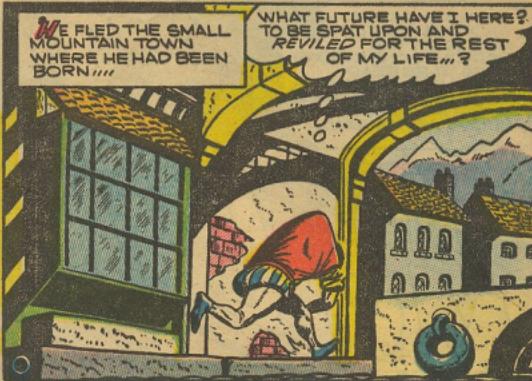
THE HUNCHBACK, FERNANDO WAS BORN IN TUSCANY, IN THE 14TH CENTURY. HIS MOTHER WAS A TENDER-HEARTED PEASANT....

BUT FERNANDO'S MOTHER DIED SOON— AND AS HE GREW, FERNANDO LEARNED THAT THE WORLD WAS LESS TENDER THAN SHE ....



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE TAUNTS, JIBES, AND BRICKBATS WOUNDED FERNANDO DEEPLY. SO DEEPLY— THAT HIS SPIRIT BECAME AS DEFORMED AS HIS MISSHAPEEN BODY!!!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

IT SO HAPPENED THAT ONE ANTONIO, A WEALTHY MERCHANT, WAS WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS THAT NIGHT WITH A VAST FORTUNE IN GOLD DUCATS JINGLING IN THE LEATHER POUCH THAT HUNG FROM THE BELT AROUND HIS WAIST....



AND FATE DELIVERED ANTONIO INTO THE HANDS OF THE HUNCHBACK WHO WAS SEETHING WITH HATRED FOR ALL MANKIND....

UPON EXAMINING THE CONTENTS OF THE LEATHER POUCH, FERNANDO FOUND HIMSELF TO BE WEALTHY BEYOND HIS FONDEST DREAMS!



ANOTHER MAN MIGHT HAVE SQUANDERED THE DUCATS — BUT NOT FERNANDO! HE SAW A CHANCE TO GAIN GREAT POWER, AND ONCE HE HAD GREAT POWER, THE WORLD WOULD HAVE TO STOP REVILING HIM! SO FERNANDO USED THE DUCATS TO ORGANIZE A BAND...

FERNANDO'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE! ALL STOLEN GOODS WERE TURNED OVER TO HIM IN EXCHANGE FOR WEEKLY STIPENDS! EVEN THE MURDERERS-FOUR-HIRE TURNED OVER THEIR JOB-PROCURING TO HIM ...



FOR EACH OF YOU — A DUCAT ON JOINING! AND AS I PROSPER, THERE'LL BE MORE — YOU HAVE MY WORD!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

AS THE YEARS PASSED, FERNANDO PROSPERED IN HIS ENTERPRISE! HE HAD MORE GOLD NOW THAN THE DUKE, HIMSELF!



SO POWER HAD NOT YET BROUGHT HIM WHAT HE MOST DESIRED, BUT FOR A LONG TIME HE WAS TOO BUSY WITH HIS EVIL AFFAIRS TO CONFESS THIS TO HIMSELF. THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE SAW BIANCA...



HOPE STIRRED IN FERNANDO'S BREAST: WITH SOMEONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS BIANCA AT HIS SIDE, HIS OWN UGLINESS MIGHT BE SHADOWED! THE WORLD MIGHT ACCEPT HIM IF HE WERE HER HUSBAND! A FEW DISCREET INQUIRIES— AND FERNANDO LEARNED THAT HER FATHER WAS AN IMPOVERISHED NOBLEMAN...



YOU ASKED FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH ME? WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?



WHAT? YOU, THE KING OF THE CUTTHROATS, DARE ASK FOR BIANCA'S HAND? THERE! LET MY WHIP TELL YOU THAT, POOR AS I AM, I SHALL NEVER PERMIT MY DAUGHTER TO MARRY...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

NOW FERNANDO HAD TO FACE THE TRUTH! AND THE TRUTH WAS BITTER. POWER HAD NOT GAINED FOR HIM THE LOVE AND ADMIRATION HE SO DESIRED! PERHAPS, IF HE USED  
GUILE...?



THE CLERICAL AUTHORITIES WERE ASTOUNDED BY THE HUGE SUM DONATED TO THEM BY FERNANDO FOR THE PURPOSE OF ERECTING A 'CAMPANILE', A BEAUTIFUL BELL TOWER FOR THEIR CHURCH!



FERNANDO CALLED HIS BAND TOGETHER...

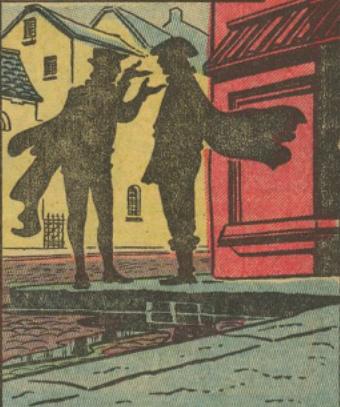
FROM NOW TILL THE TOWER IS COMPLETED, ALL OUR REGULAR "WORM" IN THIS CITY WILL BE SUSPENDED! YOU SHALL ALL SPEND EVERY MINUTE OF THAT TIME GOING AMONG THE PEOPLE, IMPLANTING IN THEIR MINDS THE BELIEF....



"THAT ALTHOUGH I, FERNANDO, AM DEFORMED IN BODY, MY SPIRIT IS AS UNDEFORMED AND STRAIGHT AS THE TOWER THAT IS BEING CONSTRUCTED WITH MY DUCATS!



FERNANDO'S "WORKERS" DID HIS BIDDING... DAY AND NIGHT THEY REPEATED THEIR MASTER'S WORDS, OVER AND OVER AGAIN...



"TILL AT LAST THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY CAME TO BELIEVE THEM!"

FERNANDO IS A GOOD MAN!

HIS SPIRIT IS AS BEAUTIFUL, AND UNDEFORMED AS THE TOWER THAT RISES ON THE PIAZZA EVEN NOW!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE TOWER WAS STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION WHEN FERNANDO LEFT THE CITY ON A SHORT BUSINESS TRIP, AND HIS HEART WAS LIGHT WITHIN HIM, FOR THE PEOPLE SMILED AND WAVED AS HE RODE OUT THROUGH THE GATES ....

TWO MONTHS LATER, HE RETURNED, AT THE CITY GATE, HE EAGERLY QUESTIONED THE GUARDS ....

HAVE THEY FINISHED WITH IT? HAVE THEY FINISHED MY BEAUTIFUL TOWER?

BUT THE GUARDS DID NOT ANSWER. THEY STARED AT HIM COLDLY, WITH CURLING LIPS, AND CONTEMPT AND HATRED SHONE IN THEIR EYES ....

WHY WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

HA! YOU ARE THE FINE, DECENT PAISAN WHO HAS SUCH A GOOD SPIRIT HE BUILDS US A TOWER — WHAT A TOWER! GO SEE YOUR TOWER THAT IS YOUR MONUMENT, BENT ONE!

WE RAN PAST THEM INTO THE DARKENED CITY, THROUGH THE NARROW WINDING STREETS HE RAN WITH A COLD FIST OF FEAR, OPENING SLOWLY INSIDE HIM. WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG WITH HIS TOWER? THE TOWER WHOSE BEAUTY AND STRAIGHTNESS WAS TO HAVE PROVED TO THE WORLD THAT FERNANDO'S SPIRIT WAS UNDEFORMED!

WHEN FERNANDO CAME TO THE PIAZZA ... AND HE SAW THE TOWER!

H—NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

THE NEXT MORNING....

WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, PIETRO?

LOOK, PAISAN! IT IS THE BENT ONE — HE MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM HIS TOWER LAST NIGHT!

YES, THEY FOUND THE CRUMPLED BODY OF FERNANDO AT THE FOOT OF HIS MONUMENT — THE TOWER THAT HAD INEXPLICABLY BEGUN TO SAG THE VERY DAY IT WAS COMPLETED — THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE GOLD HAD BEEN FOUND AND THE JOURNEY TO THE BOAT WAS EASY...THE JOURNEY BACK TOWARDS THE COAST WAS SUPPOSED TO BE EVEN EASIER. BUT THE PARTY OF SCIENTISTS SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT OVER THEM HUNG A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH ---A FATE THAT HAD OVERTAKEN ULYSSES OVER FIFTEEN CENTURIES AGO; A FATE THEY SOON FOUND WAS THE ---

## THE CURSE OF THE ODYSSEY!



THE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION HAD BEEN A DIFFICULT AND EXHAUSTIVE ONE. MONTHS OF EXPLORATION AND HARDSHIP HAD BEEN ENDURED FOR THIS MOMENT. AND PROFESSOR FRANKLIN WALTERS, HEAD OF THE PARTY, WAS NOT TO BE DENIED HIS TRIUMPH...

--THE FIND OF THE CENTURY, DUNCAN! THE WORLD WILL BE STUNNED! YEARS OF WORK-- AND WE'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!

WAIT, PROFESSOR! I'VE READ THE HIEROGLYPHICS HERE! THE TREASURE'S CURSED!

LISTEN -- "WHOMSOEVER CLAIMS THIS TREASURE AS HIS OWN, EVOKES THE WRATH OF THE TEMPLE GODS AND MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES AS ULYSSES, HIMSELF, SUFFERED!"

BAH! MERE NONSENSE! WE CAN'T ABIDE BY THE WARNING, DUNCAN. CURSE OR NOT--WE MUST RISK IT!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

SO THE EXPEDITION WITHDREW, LEAVING THE SECRET TEMPLE AND AFRICAN VELDT TO TIME ONCE MORE, BRAVING DANGERS AND SAVAGES TO GET BACK TO THE RIVER...

HURRY! IF WE'RE CAPTURED ALIVE,  
WE'LL BE TORTURED FOR DAYS!



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL  
WERE ASLEEP, IN HANS' LOCKER ROOM...

I'VE BEEN GUIDE  
ALL MY LIFE TO  
SCIENTISTS, TOURISTS  
AND HUNTERS. THIS  
IS OUR CHANCE!  
THE GOLD IS OURS  
BY MIGHT! WE'LL  
WAIT FOR THE RIGHT  
MOMENT! THEN  
STRIKE!

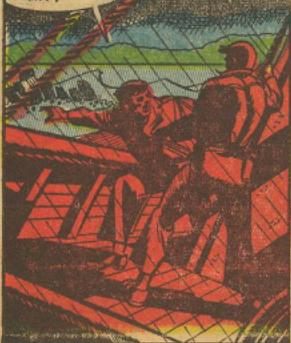
THE CROCS  
AND WATER  
SNAKES CAN  
HAVE THEM.  
NOBODY'LL  
EVER FIND OUT  
WHAT HAPPENED  
TO WALTERS  
AND HIS FRIENDS!  
HA, HA...



SUDDENLY--WITHOUT WARNING---

A REEF--RIGHT  
IN THE MIDDLE  
OF THE RIVER!  
WE'RE GONNA  
HIT!

THE CURSE! IT'S  
COMING TRUE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE STERN OF THE  
SHIP, ANOTHER CONVERSATION WAS  
TAKING PLACE...

I COULDN'T SLEEP,  
DEAR, SOMETHING  
HAS BEEN TROUBLING  
YOU, HASN'T  
IT?



YES, FRANKLY,  
LUCY ... I  
DON'T LIKE  
THE SITUATION  
WE'RE IN. THAT  
CURSE WASN'T  
JUST A NATIVE  
WARNING. I HAVE  
A PREMONITION  
OF DISASTER!

ALMOST AS IF DUNCAN'S WORDS  
WERE PROPHETIC, THE HEAVENS  
DARKENED. MOMENTS AFTERWARDS,  
A FURIOUS STORM CAUGHT THE RIVER-  
SHIP IN ITS COURSE DOWNSTREAM...

SECURE ALL  
BULK-HEADS!  
WE'RE IN FOR  
A BATTLE!



CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
WHY A STORM WOULD  
CATCH US HERE! THE  
RAINY SEASON WON'T  
BE HERE FOR ANOTHER  
THREE WEEKS!

THE MEMBERS OF THE SHIP DESERTED THE STRICKEN VESSEL AS THE GIANT  
KEEF SPEARED IT LIKE SOME KILLER FISH. NEARBY WAS AN ISLAND, AND  
SOON AFTERWARDS...

DUNCAN -- DAD -- LOOK!  
NATIVES!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE ISLAND WAS STRANGE--THE NATIVES STRANGER. BUT THEY SEEMED FRIENDLY, AND WHEN THE ADVENTURERS FOUND OUT THAT THEIR FEARS WERE BASELESS...

UHMM...THIS FOOD IS GREAT!  
C'MON, BOY!  
DRINK UP! HA,  
HA...

NO, PROFESSOR. DON'T!  
I MAY BE CRAZY--BUT  
IF I REMEMBER THE  
ODYSSEY, THESE  
NATIVES ARE THE---

--LOTUS-EATERS!  
EEEEEE! THEY'RE GOING  
TO ATTACK US! LOOK!  
WHAT HAVE THEY PUT IN  
THE DRINKING-CUPS? THE  
CREW HAS FALLEN INTO  
A STUPOR!

COME ON, EVERYONE!  
WE'RE GETTING OUT OF  
HERE! BACK TO THE  
SHIP! IF MY HUNCH IS  
OKAY, THEN IT'S IN  
PERFECT CONDITION!

THEY'RE  
CHOPPING  
THE SAILORS  
TO PIECES!



THE LOTUS EATERS KILLED THEIR VICTIMS BY DRUGGING THEM--THEN EATING THEM RAW! SOMEHOW, WE'RE RE-LIVING THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. DISRUPTING THE TREASURE MUST HAVE RELEASED A TIME-MECHANISM THAT FORGED US INTO THIS TIME-TRAP!

I...I CAN'T LOOK  
AT THEM. IT'S TOO  
HORRIBLE!



BARELY MAKING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SHIP, DUNCAN AND THE OTHERS SET SAIL...NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...

But Duncan soon proved to be right...

AND AS THE SHIP DREW NEARER AND NEARER, HELPLESS IN THE EVIL SPELL OF THE CURSE...

LOOK! THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SWARMING WITH THESE CANNIBALS! THE CREWMEN TRAPPED THERE WILL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE NOW!

IT'S COINCIDENCE! LOTUS EATERS! BAH! THIS CURSE IS A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION!

LOOK! THE RIVER CURRENT IS PULLING US TO ANOTHER ISLAND. NONE OF THESE ISLANDS WERE ON OUR MAP! IF IT ISN'T A CURSE WE'RE EXPERIENCING, HOW ELSE EXPLAIN IT?

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE--SOMETHING STANDING ON THE BEACH!

W-WHAT IS THAT --THING?  
GOOD LORD! THE CYCLOPS! IT'S SPOTTED US!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WITH ONE SWOOP OF ITS GIGANTIC HANDS, THE BRUTAL CYCLOPS POUNCED DOWN ON THE RETREATING MEN, AND...

IT WON'T DIE! WE'VE SHOT OVER A DOZEN ROUNDS AT IT, AND NOTHING'S HAPPENED!

ULYSSES BLINDED IT BY JABTING A SHARP STICK INTO ITS EYE!

Y-YAAAAAH!  
BANG  
BANG



WE'RE LOST! WE'LL WAIT--! THERE'S NEVER STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT--MONSTER!

WELL--! THERE'S A STICK LYING HERE ON THE BEACH. IF I CAN ONLY WORK IT IN TIME!

THE YOUNG SCIENTIST DELIBERATELY LETS THE CYCLOPS CATCH HIM. THEN, WHEN THE CYCLOPS LOWERS HIM TO ITS MOUTH...

THERE! RIGHT THROUGH THE EYE!



THE GIANT DROPS DUNCAN AND SCREAMS OUT TO ITS FELLOWS LURKING IN THE WOODS. BUT BEFORE THE MONSTERS CAN CAPTURE THEM, DUNCAN AND THE OTHERS FLEE INTO THE BAY...

SOME OF THOSE GUIDES WERE TOO SLOW! THEY'RE BEING EATEN ALIVE!



ONCE AGAIN THE BOAT GETS UNDERWAY, BUT THIS TIME, DUNCAN HAS A PLAN ...

I SUGGEST THAT WE BE READY FOR THE NEXT ENCOUNTER. IF I REMEMBER CORRECTLY, ULYSSES NEXT FACED THE ISLAND OF THE TERRIBLE WINDS!

GREAT SCOTT! I SEE TO REMEMBER READING ABOUT THEM, ALSO, WINDS OF TERRIFIC STRENGTH-- CAPABLE OF BLOWING A SHIP TO BITS!

BUT WHILE THE THREE TALKED, HANS AND HIS REMAINING MEN PUT THEIR OWN PLAN INTO ACTION !

NOW IS THE TIME TO GET THE GOLD! WE'LL KILL THEM AND STEER THE SHIP TO SHORE! TRAVELING OVER LAND IS BETTER THAN THIS! LET'S GO!



AND THE TERRIBLE WINDS WERE ON THEM--INSTANTLY--FURIOUSLY !

HELP! SAVE US! SAVE US...

POOR DEVILS! THEY'VE BEEN BLOWN OFF THE SHIP! ONLY HANS AND A FEW OF HIS FELLOWS MADE IT DOWN HERE SAFELY !



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

WHEN AS THE WIND DIED DOWN, THE SHIP GLIDED TOWARD THE ISLAND OF --

CIRCE---THE SORCERESS! THIS WAS THE NEXT ADVENTURE AWAITING ULYSSES--AND NOW US! NO ONE GET OFF THIS BOAT!



STRAINING HIS MIND TO CONCENTRATE ON OVERPOWERING THE SORCERESS' WILL, DUNCAN SUCCEEDS IN FREEING HANS, PROFESSOR WALTERS, AND A FEW OTHER MEN FROM THE SPELL...

HURRY, LUCY. GET YOUR FATHER AND THE REST BACK TO THE SHIP! I CAN'T... HOLD OUT MUCH... LONGER!



ONE BY ONE, THE MEN SUCCUMB TO THE LURE OF THE SIRENS---CREATURES THAT HAVE TAKEN ON THE FORM OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO DEVOUR THEIR PREY--AND THROWN THEMSELVES INTO THE SEA...



BUT CIRCE GESTURES WITH HER HANDS, AND ALL MEN ARE UNWILLING SLAVES, ALL EXCEPT LUCY AND DUNCAN--WHO HAS KEPT HIS EYES CLOSED...

WE WILL OBEY YOU, GREAT SORCERESS! HOW SHALL WE SERVE YOU?

YOU SHALL BECOME PIGS!

NO! I CHALLENGE YOUR MIGHT!



AND, JUST AS DUNCAN STEPS ON BOARD...

YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE OTHER ADVENTURES, THOUGH YOU LIKE ULYSSES... HAVE ESCAPED ME! DEATH SHALL BE YOUR DESTINY!



CIRCE'S WORDS ARE NO IDLE BOASTS, FOR, AS THE BOAT CONTINUES ALONG ITS ROUTE...

SINGING! I HEAR! QUICK! GET SOMEONE SINGING! DOWNSTAIRS! LOOK--OVER THERE! STUFF COTTON GIRLS--SINGING TO US!

EARS! HURRY!

EEEEEE



BUT AS THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS FADED INTO THE MIST, HANS--THE REMAINING GUIDE--HAVING THE BRAINS TO LASH HIMSELF TO THE MAST, LOST ALL VESTIGE OF SANITY!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, DUNCAN! HE'S STARK, RAVING MAD! AND ANY MOMENT WE'LL MEET OUR NEXT ADVENTURE HEAD-ON!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DUNCAN BARELY UTTERS HIS FEARS WHEN --- RISING OUT OF THE MIST, COMES -- A SIGHT BEYOND FANTASTIC CONCEPTION !

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS ! THE NIGHTMARE MONSTER ON THE LEFT --AND THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH ON THE RIGHT ! WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THIS !



SUDDENLY--AS HANS POINTS THE GUN AT DUNCAN'S HEAD...

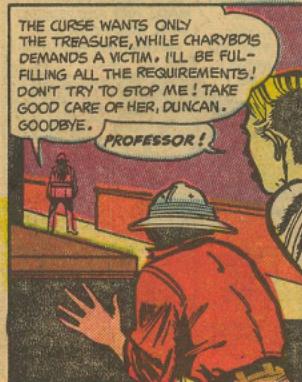
SCYLLA -- THE TENTACLED MONSTER HAS CLAIMED ITS VICTIM, AS IT MUST !



BUT FORGOTTEN HAS BEEN PROFESSOR WALTERS. STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE TREASURE, HE HEADS TOWARDS THE RAILING, AND...

THE CURSE WANTS ONLY THE TREASURE, WHILE CHARYBDIS DEMANDS A VICTIM, I'LL BE FULFILLING ALL THE REQUIREMENTS ! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME ! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, DUNCAN. GOODBYE.

PROFESSOR !



AS THE PROFESSOR'S BODY HIT THE TURBULENT WATERS, A GREAT SIGH ROSE UP ABOUT THE SHIP. THE MIST CLEARED, AND THE YOUNG COUPLE FOUND THEMSELVES BACK ON THE AFRICAN RIVER, ON A CALM RIVER.

DAD --! HE'S DEAD...OH-HH...HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US!



JUST AS DUNCAN CAN WHIRL AROUND, A STUNNING BLOW CATCHES HIM FROM BEHIND, AND THE DROOLING MADMAN STANDS OVER HIM -- THE VICTOR !

I WANTED TO SEE YOU SQUIRM BEFORE I FIRED ! THEN I'LL GET THE GOLD FROM THE OLD BOY'S HANDS -- AND KEEP THE GIRL FOR MYSELF ! HA, HA...!



DUNCAN'S RELIEF IS SHORT-LIVED. THE SHIP BEGINS TO TILT--THEN SPIN ABOUT FASTER--FASTER ! THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL OF CHARYBDIS HAS CAUGHT THEM IN A GRIP OF DEATH !

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ? HOLD ME, DUNCAN ! I'M AFRAID...

WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING ! THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR FINISH !



YES, DARLING. BUT THE WORLD CURSE OF THE ODYSSEY IS OVER. WE'RE FREE BY A MIRACLE ! FREE FROM ADVENTURES TOO INCREDIBLE TO DESCRIBE !

THE WORLD WILL NEVER BELIEVE US ! NEVER !



BUT LOCKED FOREVER IN THEIR HEARTS WOULD BE THE DREAD SECRET OF THEIR TERRIBLE ADVENTURE. WHO CAN SAY THAT FOR DUNCAN AND LUCY IT WAS INDEED OVER ?

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

# FACTS ABOUT WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT—

FOUND IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ARCHIVES —

THE WITCH OR WARLOCK WAS THE SLAVE OF THE DEVIL, AND CARRIED OUT HIS ORDERS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COMPACT BY WHICH THE WITCH SIGNED OVER HER SOUL TO THE INFERNAL POWER, IN RETURN FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF SUPERNATURAL PREROGATIVES FOR A FIXED PERIOD OF TIME.



THE CONTRACT CONCLUDED, THE WITCH RECEIVED A MARK ON SOME PART OF THE BODY WHICH WAS, FROM THEN ON, INSENSIBLE TO PAIN. THIS MARK WAS KNOWN AS THE STIGMA OR DEVIL'S MARK, BY WHICH THE DEVIL WOULD KNOW HIS OWN AGAIN.

AT FAMILIAR IMP OR SPIRIT WAS ASSIGNED TO THE WITCH. THIS IMP WAS GENERALLY IN THE FORM OF AN ANIMAL, USUALLY THAT OF A BLACK CAT OR DOG.



THE WITCHES' ASSEMBLY OR SABBATH TOOK PLACE FOUR TIMES A YEAR...FEBRUARY 2, MAY EVE, AUGUST 1 AND NOVEMBER EVE AND ALL DEVIL WORSHIPPERS WERE REQUIRED TO ATTEND. IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE WITCHES WOULD LEAVE THEIR HOMES THROUGH THE CHIMNEY, ASTRIKE THEIR BROOMSTICKS. IN SPAIN AND ITALY IT WAS THOUGHT THE DEVIL, HIMSELF, IN THE SHAPE OF A GOAT, CONVEYED THEM ON HIS BACK.



AT THESE ASSEMBLIES THE DEVIL AND HIS ASSISTANTS, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE WITCHES AND WARLOCKS WHOSE SOULS HE HAD BOUGHT, GATHERED IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT IN SOME REMOTE AND SAVAGE WILDERNESS AND THERE THEY WOULD HOLD THEIR FRIGHTFUL CARNIVAL.



THE WITCHES WOULD RELATE THEIR EVIL DOINGS SINCE THE LAST MEETING AND SATAN, HIMSELF, CHASTISED THOSE WHO HAD NOT BEEN WICKED ENOUGH, BY LASHING THEM WITH SNAKES AND SCORPIONS.



A BIG FEATURE OF THE ASSEMBLY WAS THE DANCE OF THE TOADS, IN WHICH THE TOADS SPRANG UP OUT OF THE EARTH BY THE THOUSANDS AND DANCED ON THEIR HIND LEGS TO SATAN'S MUSIC.



THE SPOT WHERE THE DEVIL'S SABBATH WAS HELD WOULD NEVER BLOOM AGAIN WITH FLOWER OR HERB, FOR THE MORNING LIGHT REVEALED THAT THE BURNING FEET OF THE DEVIL HAD BLIGHTED IT FOREVER.



# THE SIMBIS of ZIMBABWE

Jan Meeyersburg sat comfortably on a large oversized chair. He was smoking a large clay pipe. His hair was snow white and he didn't seem to mind the hot African mid-day sun. He turned to the two men who were standing impatiently and watching him.

"Professor Claxton. I just do not understand why you are here. I sent a cablegram to America notifying the museum that I would not guide you to the ruins. Surely you must have received my message."

The thin man to whom those words were addressed tried his best to conceal the annoyance he felt. He had figured on a pleasant welcome and now there was this end to a trip even before it began.

"I flew instead of coming by boat," explained Professor Claxton. "I suppose the message is now at the museum. Won't you please reconsider your refusal? You are the only man alive who has ever deciphered the messages on the walls at Zimbabwe. Why not give the world the benefit of your wonderful knowledge? We are anxious to learn."

"Are you?" challenged Jan Meeyersburg with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "You think the rituals of the witch doctors are just what is best termed in your country by the word 'fakes'. Unless something can be explained in terms of modern science you refuse to acknowledge its existence."

"I won't say that," interrupted the voice of the other man standing at the side of the Professor. "I am the photographer sent by the museum to take pictures. Would you care to know my name?"

"As a courtesy then, perhaps I should answer in the affirmative," snapped back Jan Meeyersburg. "But actually what difference would it make?"

"All the difference in the world," insisted the photographer. "For I happen to be Art Tackney."

There was a deadly silence. The old African pioneer was thinking hard about what to say and what to do.

"I must apologize to you," finally passed his lips. "My son wrote several letters about you from Korea. You risked your life to save him. It wasn't your fault he died. The least I can do to repay you is to guide you and the



Professor to Zimbabwe. Though it is only one hundred and fifty miles from Bulawayo the roads are all washed out. However we will go there. I shall see that a plane is ready in the morning."

For one full hour, young Art Tackney was busy taking pictures under the directions of the Professor. And Jan Meeyersburg was full of information as they faced the crumbling inner walls of the mysterious temple.

"These ruins were first found in 1868. As you notice, the walls are built of hand hewn stones fitted together without mortar. When we flew above in the plane you could see the peculiar geometric patterns in which they were laid out. For years, archeologists have argued about Zimbabwe ever since Adam Rendars, the American hunter first came upon this place. All kinds of tales have been written about it. But I am the only man who knows the secret of the writings on the wall. They tell about the ceremonies of the spear dance, a ritual that goes back thousands of years. A victim was tied to the wall. Then spears were aimed at his heart. The object was to rip the heart out of the body. The blood was collected in small jars. They were used to hold the stones together. Every member of the brotherhood of spears wore a small gold ring on his index finger, right hand. It was in the shape of a small spear. If you wish to see the ghosts of yesteryear repeat the ritual then wait here with me for the full moon, which takes place this evening."

The sky was pitch black and in the distant

# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

jungle could be heard the peculiar noises of various animals. Professor Claxton and Art Tackney had a few minutes to talk alone.

"I have a roll of that new ultra violet film in the camera," whispered the photographer. "I rigged up the ultra violet ray lamp on a belt which I am wearing. No matter what happens, I am going to take pictures."

Jan Meeyersburg came over to them and motioned them against the wall. Suddenly there was a terrific flash of light and they could see a group of natives. One man was struggling. He was forced up against the stone wall. His hands and legs were tied. Then the natives began to dance up and down along the long corridor formed by the stone walls. Time and time again they passed the three men but gave no evidence that they had seen them.

Five natives placed small drums on the ground and began to pound out a weird melody. The tempo became faster and faster. The natives began to dance and also chant weird sounds. Then one very large man raised his hands. At once the beating of the drums ceased. He uttered but one word.

"Logoara" which was apparently a signal to commence the ceremony. For at that word a group of natives began to hurl spears at their victim. The spears came nearer and nearer to his body. And when one pierced his abdomen he shrieked in agony. The man who was apparently a chieftain of some kind, hurled a gold tipped spear at the victim. It struck him right in his heart. Professor Claxton wanted to close his eyes and open them again and find himself home in bed.

"This just can't be," he half protested to his photographer. "These natives do not belong to our century. I can't recognize their dress nor language. This seems something like the past living again."

"Exactly," agreed Jan Meeyersburg. "What you see are simply spirits. The native word happens to be Simbi. Actually this ceremony took place thousand years ago. The Simbis have come back for your benefit to perform. I am well aware of the camera and the film in it. Go ahead and take those pictures. But just remember this one fact. How can you photograph that which does not exist? For what you see is not reality but merely an illusion."

The natives started to dance again and the drums beat out their weird melody. Another victim came down the path and the Professor couldn't believe his eyes! For she was a beautiful girl, something akin to a Grecian Goddess. She turned her eyes and saw the Professor and the photographer.

"Help me," she shouted in ancient Greek. "They are going to kill me. Save me! I am a princess of the royal family."

"This is no illusion," said the Professor to Art Tackney. "That girl saw us and she called for assistance. Lucky I know ancient and modern Greek. We must do something."

His hand slipped down to the revolver he carried in his hip pocket. The palm of his hand gripped tight on it and he withdrew it. Aiming it at the nearest native he shouted in English.

"Let that girl alone or I will kill you."

The native chief raised his hand. He fixed his eyes upon the unexpected and uninvited guest.

"You do not belong here," he replied in perfect English. "You are one of a thousand years in our future. This woman is a witch. She must die. Her blood will hold the stones securely in our wall. Do not interfere. We are going to kill her."

The Professor aimed his gun and pulled the trigger. He emptied the six chambers directly at the native who was untouched and unharmed.

"You cannot kill a dead person," admonished the native chief. "So watch the ceremony."

The girl was tied to the wall and soon the natives with the spears began to take aim at her.

"What would happen if we stood in front of her? Would those spears kill us?"

And then the professor dashed out from his side of the wall and ran in front of the girl.

"You must not touch her. She is too beautiful to die."

"Logoara" shouted the chief and the spears were thrown at their victim. They were aimed at the Professor and seemed to go through his body in order to reach the victim. The girl was soon dead but the man was unharmed.

"You are a very brave man willing to die to save a person you do not know," complimented the chief. "And now we go back to the dead."

There was a terrific flash of light and the natives vanished. Jan Meeyersburg spoke softly.

"Back to our plane and we shall wing our way to Bulawayo."

The next day back in civilization the photographer developed the film in a make-shift dark room. His eyes almost popped out of his head.

"That was no illusion! Here are the pictures."

Suddenly the film vanished and the light went on in the dark room. They were facing Jan Meeyersburg. Both men noticed he wore a gold ring with a spear on it.

"Consider it an illusion, my friends, and you will be happier."

The End

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

"NO ONE KNOWS WHEN I, DOCTOR DEATH ---- MAY STRIKE ! FROM WHICH HIDDEN, UNSUSPECTED CORNER WHERE I LURK AT EVERY TICK OF THE CLOCK ! EVERY BEAT OF YOUR HEART ! PERHAPS THE END WILL COME IN THE GUISE OF SOME SEEMINGLY INNOCENT DIVERSION--LIKE A FERRY RIDE ! AS IT CAME TO KARL DANNER....."

# STAND-IN FOR DEATH

"WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME ? WHERE AM I ? SPEAK TO ME --- SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING ! OH, NO --- THIS CAN'T BE REAL ! I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND !

IT ALL BEGAN ON A CERTAIN LATE, DAMP, UNSEASONABLY COLD AUTUMN EVENING, WHEN THE DESPERATE, IMPOVERISHED FIGURE OF KARL DANNER EMERGED ON THE FOURTH FLOOR OF A CITY APARTMENT HOUSE ---

THE NORDEN APARTMENT IS THE FIRST ONE AROUND THE TURN IN THE CORRIDOR! THINK YOU CAN FIND IT NOW ?

THANKS -- I'LL FIND IT -- YOU CAN BE SURE OF THAT !

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR THIS MOMENT! TEN LONG, BITTER, MISERABLE YEARS !



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

**T**HE VOICE OF THE SCREAMING, RANTING, HYSTERICAL WOMAN FILLED DANNER WITH DREAD! HE RAN DOWN THE STAIRS AND THROUGH THE LOBBY IN WILD PANIC!

HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON? FIRE --- OR SOMETHING?



WHAT'S THIS IN MY POCKET? -- A FERRY TICKET! THE 89TH STREET FERRY! WHY--- THAT SHOULD BE RIGHT NEAR HERE!



THERE IT IS! I THINK IT'S READYING TO PULL OUT! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!



**T**HE ROWS OF LITTLE, YELLOW LIGHTS SHONE LIKE GLEAMING TEETH IN THE DARKNESS AHEAD, LEERING AND TAUNTING DANNER AS THE BOAT INCHED AWAY FROM THE DOCK!

THEY'LL NEVER CATCH ME NOW! I'LL MAKE A BREAK FROM THE OTHER SIDE!

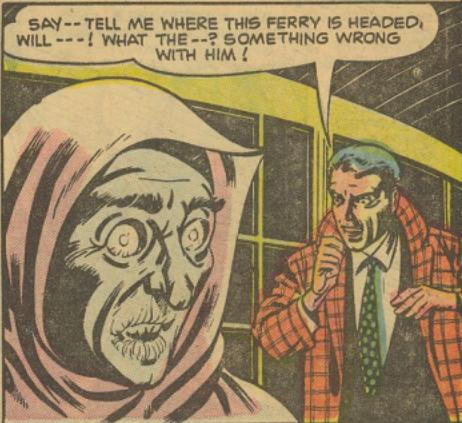


IT'S COLD AND DAMP OUT HERE! I'LL GO INSIDE AND WARM UP--MAYBE GET SOME 'COFFEE'!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

**B**UT ONCE INSIDE, THE CLOTTING HEAT MADE DANNER'S EXHAUSTED MIND DROWSY --- AND HE DOZED OFF. HE'D ROUSED HIMSELF SEVERAL TIMES, BUT THE FERRY WENT ON AND ON, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END. AND THEN --- HE WAS SHOCKED TO A PERPLEXED WAKEFULNESS!



**F**EAR---ANGER---DESPERATION CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART !

HE REACHED INSIDE HIS CLOTHING FOR THE ONLY SECURITY HE KNEW ---A GUN !



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



With a fury akin to insanity, Danner fired the weapon---again and again and again! Point blank! And when the smoke cleared, a piercing, terrified shriek broke from his quivering lips!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

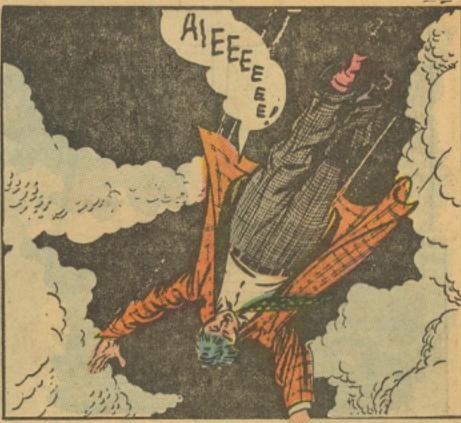
DANNER SHRANK BACK! HIS EVERY NERVE-END WAS STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT! THE SICKENING STENCH OF DEATH ENGULFED HIS SENSES! THEN A VOICE SPOKE -- A VOICE FROM THE TOMB, HOLLOW AND LIFELESS! FROM BEYOND THE REALM OF THE LIVING!



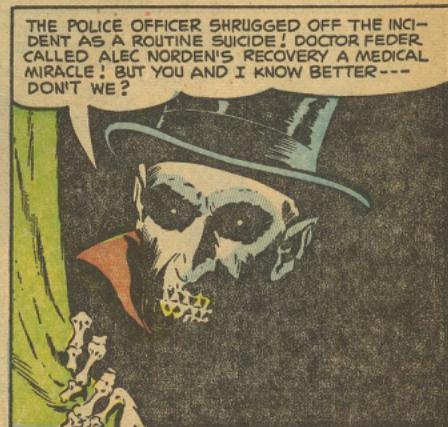
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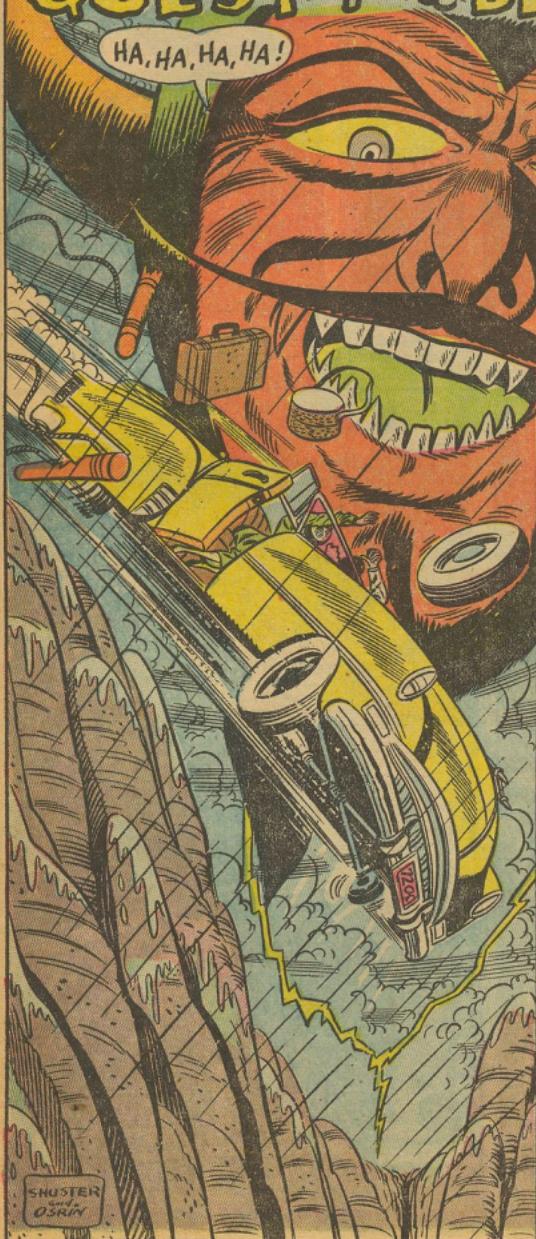


# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE NIGHT WAS BLACK, AND THE CAR SPED DOWN THE LONELY HALF-FLOODED HIGHWAY THROUGH THE STORM! THE DOWNPOUR WHISPERED MOCKINGLY TO THE YOUNG COUPLE INSIDE --FOR SATAN WAS WATCHING AND DEMANDING THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD JOURNEY INTO THE LEAD OF DEATH IN--

## QUEST of the BEYOND!!

HA, HA, HA, HA!



AN ETERNITY PASSED FOR VICTOR MANSON. THEN HE STIRRED -- OPENED HIS EYES -- SAW THE TWISTED WRECKAGE AND RIPPED METAL...

I -- COULDN'T TURN THE WHEEL IN TIME.  
PEGGY -- ARE YOU ALL -- OH NO -- NO!  
PEGGY ! PEGGY !



THE DISTRAUGHT MAN STUMBLED BLINDLY THROUGH THE STORM -- NOT KNOWING WHERE HE WENT -- NOT CARING -- KNOWING ONLY THAT HIS WIFE WAS DEAD!

I...I'M TO BLAME!  
I'VE KILLED HER! WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME? COME BACK TO ME, DARLING,  
I'D SELL MY SOUL TO SATAN -- ONLY COME BACK!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE PAIN-WRACKED SOBS OF THE ANGUISHED MAN ECHOED SOMBERLY ON THE COLD WALLS OF THE CAVE. THEY MINGLED ENDLESSLY INTO THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT. THEN, FROM OUT OF THE GLOOM--STEPPED A FIGURE ...



TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, I GIVE YOU THE SWORD OF LIFE ! NEVER PART WITH IT---FOR YOU SHALL BE LOST... DOOMED FOREVER IN THE BEYOND ! IF YOU SUCCEED IN WINNING BACK YOUR WIFE, YOUR SOUL BELONGS TO ME !

I --MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE ! THIS CAN'T BE REAL !



--THEN DARKNESS ABSOLUTE. DARKNESS--AND SUDDEN LIGHT ! VICTOR MANSON OPENED HIS EYES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE UNDERWORLD OF THE BEYOND !

BUT IT WAS REAL. THE MUFFLED FIGURE DISAPPEARED IN A SWIRL OF VAPOR. BEFORE VICTOR MANSON COULD STEP FORWARD, THE CAVE OPENED BELOW --AND HE WAS FALLING -- FALLING ...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT CREEPING STEALTHILY FROM THE SHADOWS,  
CAME --TERROR BEYOND COMPARE!  
CERBERUS--- KEEPER OF THE GATE, HAD SEEN  
HIM!

AS THE MONSTER TOPPLED OVER, DEFEATED, VICTOR MANSION  
SCALED THE GATE--AND MOMENTS LATER JOINED AN ARMY  
OF DEAD SOULS MARCHING TOWARDS THE RIVER OF STYX...



PRETENDING HE, TOO, WAS A DEAD SOUL, THE MORTAL SEATED HIMSELF WITH THE OTHERS, AS THE FERRY BEGAN TO CROSS THE GREAT RIVER STYX...

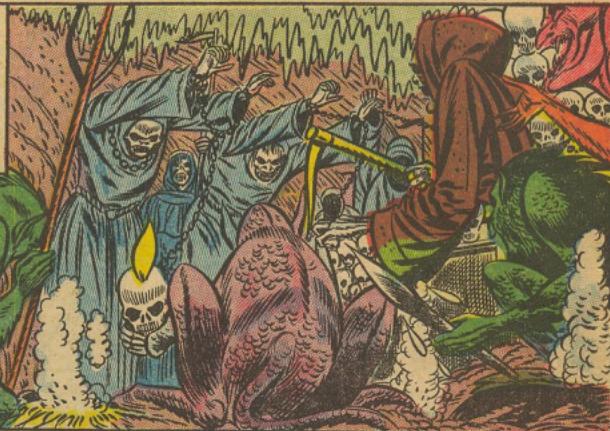


KNOWING THAT WOULD BE HIS FATE  
IF HE FAILED TO CROSS THE RIVER,  
VICTOR MANSION WAITED IN TORTURED  
PATIENCE. BUT JUST THEN--



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT AS HE RAN TOWARDS THE INTERIOR OF THAT COLD LAND, VICTOR MANSION SAW THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS --- DEATH! LIKE WHEAT BEFORE A SCYTHE -- ROW UPON ROW -- TIER UPON TIER -- SIDE BY SIDE -- WERE THE SPIRITS AND SOULS OF THE DEAD --- GROVELLING IN HOMAGE TO THEIR LORD AND MASTER...



AND WITHIN THE MIDST OF THAT EERIE HORDE, HE ALSO SAW --



OH DEAREST -- DEAREST... I CAN NEVER RETURN WITH YOU, GO QUICKLY BEFORE DEATH SEES YOU!

NO! I WON'T GO BACK UNLESS YOU COME WITH ME!



I DO! I'VE COME TO TAKE MY WIFE BACK WITH ME! AND YOU'LL NOT STOP ME!

VICTOR MANSION -- YOU HAVE VIOLATED MY THRONE, AND FOR THAT YOU MUST ANSWER TO ME!

BUT BEFORE THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS COULD PUT HIS LETHAL TOUCH ON THE YOUNG MAN, THE SWORD BIT DEEP!



AH! YOU HAVE WON BACK YOUR WIFE, MORTAL -- BUT WHEN YOU ASCEND TO THE SURFACE WORLD, THE FIRST PERSON YOU TOUCH SHALL REPLACE YOUR WIFE HERE AT MY THRONE! NOW -- BEGONE!



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

A BLAZE OF SWIRLING MIST--A FURY OF SOUND---AND VICTOR MANSON CAME TO, TO FIND HIMSELF BACK TO REALITY!

WHERE AM I ? MY HEAD IS SPLITTING ! WHAT A NIGHTMARE I HAD ! DEATH--PEGGY--THE LAND OF THE BEYOND ...

I DREAMT I HAD A SWORD OF LIFE -- I WAS BRINGING PEGGY BACK -- PEGGY--SHE'S DOWN THERE ! THE POLICE HAVE FOUND HER !



MOMENTS LATER, HE STUMBLLED TOWARDS HIS WIFE ...

LET ME THROUGH !  
PEGGY, DARLING...  
PEGGY -- !

SORRY, MISTER ... I'M AFRAID SHE'S...



VICTOR ! WHAT HAPPENED ? THERE WAS A CRASH -- AND OHH... I HAD SUCH A STRANGE DREAM !

SHE'S ALIVE ! BUT JUST A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO...

PEGGY MANSON THREW UP HER ARMS TOWARDS HER STARTLED HUSBAND, BUT VICTOR MANSON RECOILED, TRYING DESPERATELY TO DODGE THOSE LOVELY ARMS...



DEAREST --- WHERE ARE YOU GOING ? COME BACK !

NO ! DON'T TOUCH ME ! YOU'RE ALIVE !



RUNNING, STAGGERING, STUMBLING, THE DAZED MAN FINALLY SANK EXHAUSTED ON A FALLEN LOG IN THE THICKETED FOREST ...

IT WAS TRUE THEN -- EVERYTHING ! AND I CAN'T TOUCH HER OR SHE'LL DIE ! WHAT SHALL I DO ?

HA, HA...



# THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



WITH FURY BORN OF DESPERATION, VICTOR MANSON FLUNG HIMSELF ON SATAN -- IN A FINAL SHOWDOWN.



AS IF A SPONTANEOUS REACTION HAD CATALYZED SATAN'S FORM, VICTOR MANSON WATCHED IT FINALLY DISAPPEAR INTO NOTHINGNESS!





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HELLO, BOB! HAVE YOU FOUND  
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

# GIVEN!

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WHAT SAM  
TOLD THEM

- AND WITH EACH BOX OF THIS  
WHITE CLOVERINE BRAND SALVE,  
WE GIVE YOU A  
BEAUTIFUL ART  
PICTURE!



FINE!  
I'LL TAKE  
2 BOXES, SAM.

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Wallets,  
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ACT  
NOW



THAT'S RIGHT,  
KIDS! IT'S AS  
EASY AS FALL-  
ING OFF A  
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ACT  
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